

Cove's Prodigal.

A Romance of the Mountains By Charles Sloan Reid.

"Pig-pig-oo-eh!"

Nance Hooper was standing at the head of a little open ravine which wound away toward the foot of the mountain. There was a low rail fence across the head of the ravine a few yards from the mountain highway, and against this fence Nance was leaning. A great mass of flowing brown hair reached far down below her waist, about which her homespun frock was tucked into a large roll, thus shortening her skirts, in order that she might move about more freely. Up to the right of the ravine was a little log cabin where she lived.

It was late in the afternoon; and, as Nance called the dogs, a great crowd of them came galloping up the hill to scramble over the apronful of vegetables which Nance threw over the

meat this minute!" cried Nance, struggling to free herself. At the same time two bright tears came into her eyes.

"Won't you kiss me, Nance?" asked the young man eagerly.

"No, I won't! You didn't have any business to scare me, that's what you didn't."

Zeb released her and stood back. For a moment neither of them spoke. Nance again stood holding the top rail of the fence, and was gazing away down the ravine. Zeb stood a few feet away, with his eyes turned toward the ground. At last he spoke.

"Nance, I'm powerful sorry I scared you."

The girl did not reply. There was another long pause, after which Zeb spoke again.

"Did a big day's work yesterday and

the morning," he said, thrusting his hands down into the pockets of his pantaloons, and striving hard to clear a strange huskiness from his voice.

"They're putting in machinery down at Dillsboro to start up a locust pin factory, Nance. Reckon I could get a good many locust blocks off of that piece of land I've bought."

Again Zeb's vision wandered toward Nance; but she still stood motionless by the fence, her long hair waving gently in the slight breeze that was stirring. And the longer Zeb gazed upon the woman he loved, the fuller grew his bosom, until he could no longer withstand the pressure, and his words were almost in the tone of a wail, as he sank back upon the old stump.

"Oh, Nance, ain't you ever a-goin' to say anything?"

Nance continued as immovable as before. At last Zeb replaced his big hat upon his head and arose.

"I know what's the matter, Nance," he said; "I can see it all now. Pole Dorsey's been a-comin' to see you of late, and—yes, I can see, all just the same, Nance, you don't love me any more."

Zeb paused to steady his voice, which had grown a little husky. "I'd a died for you any time, Nance, thought you would have loved me right on, Nance, right on. But now—I can't say any more."

"Good-bye, Nance."

He turned and walked toward the road. But he had gone only a few steps when he turned and came back again, going close up to Nance, where he stopped a moment. Then he spoke.

"Before I go, Nance, won't you tell me fair and square, is it me or Pole?"

There was no answer.

"Nance, then, I know that you just hate to tell me that you don't love me any more, and I won't make you. Once more, Nance, good-bye."

He stealthily lifted a whip of her long hair and fervently pressed it to his lips, then walked away rapidly. Nance heard the sounds of his footsteps growing fainter and fainter as he ascended the hill, and then she turned over the hill just above the cabin. Finally she looked around. Zeb was just disappearing beyond the turn in the road; and to Nance it suddenly occurred that he might never return.

She looked into her eyes, and for a moment she stood undecided what to do. Then she sprang away from the fence and ran up the road, a hundred fears taking possession of her bosom. But Zeb was gone. "Oh, why did he go?" Why did he not wait just a moment longer? She quickened her pace, and when she reached the top of the hill, was almost out of breath. Zeb had gone out of sight down the mountain. She tried to call his name, but her utterance was only a whisper. But at last she managed to call:

"Oh, Zeb!"

The breeze blew the echo of her own tones back into her face. Tears gushed from her eyes and she sank down upon the roadside to sob away her sudden heartache.

The clouds began to gather, and at midnight rain began to fall in torrents. By dawn the waters of the Tuckasee were high between its banks, and the boom-loggers were busy with their rafts; but Zeb Norton, their former foreman, was not among them.

Six years had slipped away. Nance Hooper still lived with her father in the cabin on the side of the mountain. She still went out each evening to call the dogs at the head of the ravine; and in her heart still lived the old love and deep regret. Zeb Norton had never been heard of since his sudden disappearance. Gold had been discovered on a body of land belonging to one Zeb Norton, whose whereabouts Nance never knew. They feared to proceed with mining operations without having first secured a lease of some kind; and since this could not be obtained from the owner, the enterprise was at a standstill.

Half a year passed by. One day a

VOCATION FOLLOWED BY BUT ONE MAN

Work of Alexander Filippini In Improving the Service of Meals.

It is difficult to believe that there is any employment under the sun in which only one man is engaged. But an employment of such a kind has been found, and what is still stranger, the man so engaged crosses the ocean of-ener than any other human being. This unparalleled record is held by Alexander Filippini. He spends practically no time on land, frequently reaching port in time to sail back again on another liner upon the same day.

Mr. Filippini is known as the traveling inspector of the American liners. It can readily be understood that the provision of excellent meals on steamships is a very difficult task on account of the small working quarters for cooking and the difficulty of keeping up supplies of varieties of fresh vegetables, meat and fruit. His work lies in overseeing and improving the service of meals on the ships. Such large numbers of people have to be provided for that unless a perfect system is established, everyone attending to his duties like clockwork, the meals take an unreasonable time and people are badly served. For years it has been found difficult to establish a uniform system in the saloons of the vessels, those in charge of each vessel having different methods. Complaints were continually being made by passengers. To systematize steamship cooking on a new basis, Mr. Filippini, who for years previously superintended at Delmonico's was called in. He then felt the need of an ocean voyage, and gladly accepted the position. It at once became evident, on his first voyage, that he had undertaken an enormous task, so many changes would be absolutely necessary. The work of getting the men to abandon old ways was very difficult. Mr. Hobart, now vice president, happened to be one of the passengers on his first trip. Many complaints were made by passengers, and Mr. Filippini saw that he must show each man in the service exactly how things must be done. He met with great opposition and unkindness at first, but his instructions were soon appreciated. Such a marked improvement in the voyage program resulted that the passengers, including the present vice president, complimented him for his work.

You might as well be safe in your tea-drinking, and enjoy it more besides.

Try Schilling's Best—your money back if you don't like it.

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ORIGIN OF FAN.

Was In China and Princess Set the Fashion.

The use of the fan originated in China, and sprang from the following incident: A royal princess, very beautiful, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, her face covered with a mask, as usual. The excessive heat compelled her to remove it, and in order to guard her features from the common gaze, she moved it quickly to and fro in front of her face, thus simultaneously hiding her charms and cooling her brow. The idea was at once adopted throughout the kingdom.

Catherine de Medici carried the first fan from Italy ever seen in France, and in the time of Louis XIV the fan covered with jewels was worth a small fortune.

The liver keeps people well. When the liver is sluggish, all other organs are involved. You suffer from Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Indigestion, Pain in Back, Chills and Loss of Energy. You will never know how promptly these troubles can be cured until you use Herber's. It cures quickly when other remedies utterly fail. Regulates the Liver, Purifies the Blood. Herber's is a Harmless Vegetable Remedy that gives new life and energy almost from the first dose. Price 50 cents. Free Trial Bottle at Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

The London Biograph. Satisfy every evening free.

Used Most Frequently. (Philadelphia Record.) Teacher—Now, boys, which letter of the alphabet do we use most frequently? Little Willie—I know, "a." That's right; how did you know it, Willie? "Cause there's two of them in 'Dewey' and ain't everybody talkin' 'bout him?"

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

Two Concerts. Sunday at Saltair by First Regiment Band.

Garfield Beach, July 24. Bathing, Boating, Dancing. Trains will leave at 10:30 a. m., 2:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:45 and 7:30 p. m. Round trip, 25 cents.

Important change in Saltair Beach time card, to-day's paper.



"I'M POWERFUL SORRY I SCARED YOU."

fence. From far down the ravine came the roar of the Tuckasee river, as its waters tumbled over the razed boulders that marked its bed. With her elbows on the fence and her chin resting in her hands Nance lingered to listen to the roar of the river while she dreamed. Small clouds were gathering in the sky all around, and the young girl's eyes watched them slowly change from one shape to another, forming to her mind the outlines of various animals and birds.

While Nance was thus lost in her dreaming and picture-making, she suddenly felt an arm placed about her. Whirling around she found herself in the embrace of a tall, young mountaineer who held her firmly about the waist, and looking a world of tenderness down into her eyes.

another one today. Nance. Put forty-five logs into the river, nearly all big ones."

He waited a moment, during which he cautiously raised his eyes to a level with the back of Nance's head.

"I got that strip of land paid for last Saturday—and I've got enough left to build a house on it, Nance."

Still no reply.

"Wages are better than they have been," he went on, "and I thought we might as well get married now. That's what I've come to see about, Nance. I think we've waited about long enough."

Silence still. Zeb sat down on an old stump near by, and waited a long while. Finally he arose again, and gazed up at the sky all around.

"From the looks of the sky the river'll be high enough to float logs in

the morning," he said, thrusting his hands down into the pockets of his pantaloons, and striving hard to clear a strange huskiness from his voice.

"They're putting in machinery down at Dillsboro to start up a locust pin factory, Nance. Reckon I could get a good many locust blocks off of that piece of land I've bought."

Again Zeb's vision wandered toward Nance; but she still stood motionless by the fence, her long hair waving gently in the slight breeze that was stirring. And the longer Zeb gazed upon the woman he loved, the fuller grew his bosom, until he could no longer withstand the pressure, and his words were almost in the tone of a wail, as he sank back upon the old stump.

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Nance suddenly turned about and gazed upon the tall, young mountaineer. Then, bursting into tears, she dropped her apron, and impulsively sprang toward him.

"Oh, Zeb," she cried, through her tears, "I didn't mean it, you know I didn't! Oh, why did you go away?"

Zeb caught her in his arms, and for a few moments there was sweet silence.

"Nance," said Zeb at last, "I never could think of loving anybody but you. But when I came back to look after that gold mine, I didn't expect to find such a jewel as this waiting for me. It appears like I am mighty rich all of a sudden."

"Ain't half as rich as I am now, Zeb, for I've got you back again," and, reaching up, she took his rough cheeks between her palms, and kissed him under his big moustache.

When the first report was turned in and approved, full authority was given to Mr. Filippini, and he started out with new courage, adopting the best ideas on each ship. He goes on board a ship without previous arrangements, not being expected, and watches the preparation and serving of meals, sees the cooks and bakers essential details, sees that the table stewards are in good training, what supplies are lacking, all this has to be reported upon. Cooks have to be kept from carelessness, and great promptness is essential. Some cooks, for instance, were apt to make sauces carelessly or apply them on meats from cans without even warming, to waste supplies, to hold back flavorings, brandy, for instance, and keep little supplies for themselves, while bakers sometimes forget that bread can be made twice as good by thorough kneading. Such were the difficulties.

Then Mr. Filippini also studies the classes of people traveling at various seasons, and prepares menus for each day to suit the tastes of people from all parts of the globe. For instance, he does not forget to have roast beef for Englishmen occasionally, sauces and stew for Frenchmen, Hungarian goulash for Austrians, wiener wurst for Germans and macaroni and all dressings for Italians, as extras, suiting the tastes of all nationalities without having the bill of fares predominate in dishes not acceptable to others. He gives close attention to the second and third cabins as well as to the saloon, so

Robbed the Grave. A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed, at Z. C. M. I. drug store.

\$5.95 Suit sale at M. H. Desky's.

Bartholomew's educated horses at Lagoon open Sunday, July 23, 10c for a day's show.

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 25th, AT 8 O'CLOCK SHARP, STARTS THE

SECOND WEEK OF OUR REGULAR SUMMER CASH CLEARING SALE

Every Article in Our House Has Been Slaughtered. No Reserves Go With Us. Every Piece of Merchandise in Our Mammoth Establishment Has Come Under the

Knife. Store Closed Monday, July 24th.

Toilet Articles.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, worth 25c, Clearing Price, each.....13c

25c bottle Witch Hazel, Clearing Price, bottle.....12c

10c bottle Vaseline, Clearing Price, bottle.....3c

Witch Hazel Toilet Soap, 3 cakes in box, Clearing Price, box.....8c

Calder's Tooth Powder, always sells at 25c, Clearing Price, bottle.....15c

Vegetine Toilet Soap, 3 cakes in box, worth 20c, Clearing Price, box.....9c

Rockeacker's Smelling Salts, worth 50c, Clearing Price, bottle.....19c

Woodbury's Facial Soap, always sells at 25c, Clearing Price, cake.....14c

Best quality Talcum Powder, Clearing Price, box.....4c

Dairymaid Toilet Soap, 3 cakes in box, worth 25c, Clearing Price, box.....18c

Kid Gloves.

Chamois Gloves, both white and natural, the very best made, worth 90c, Clearing Price, pair.....68c

2-clasp Tampa Kid Gloves, all sizes and sizes, worth \$1.25, Clearing Price, pair.....92c

2-clasp Amazon P. K. Sewn Kid Gloves, all sizes and shades, worth \$1.65, Clearing Price, pair.....1.37

3-clasp Real Kid Nicholas Gloves, all colors and sizes, worth \$1.75, Clearing Price, pair.....1.37

Our Mozart Real Kid Gloves, the genuine Monarch, worth \$2.00, all go at, pair.....1.67

Umbrellas.

100 Steel Rod Black Gloria Silk Umbrellas, natural wood, sterling trimmed handles, worth \$1.50, Clearing Price, each.....95c

100 Steel Rod Black Twilled Umbrellas, natural wood handles, worth 75c, Clearing Price, each.....35c

Entire stock of Ladies' Parasols and Umbrellas are included in this sale.

50% OFF

CONTINUATION SALE

JUST HALF PRICE ON Ladies' Ready-made Suits Ladies' Cloth Separate Dress Skirts, Ladies' Silk Waists, Ladies' Tea Gowns, Ladies' Spring and Summer Jackets, Ladies' Bicycle Suits or Skirts,

No Mail Orders Filled From This Advertisement.

Corsets.

Entire stock included in this sale. 100 dozen Ladies' White Ventilating Summer Corsets, worth 50c, Sale Price, pair.....27c

100 dozen Ladies' Black and Gray Sateen Corsets, worth 75c, Clearing Price, pair.....38c

Stationery.

Box Paper and Envelopes, worth 10c, Clearing Price, box.....2c

1,000 packages White Envelopes, Clearing Price, package.....1c

Box Paper and Envelopes, worth 15c, Clearing Price, box.....7c

1-lb. Box Paper and Envelopes, worth 40c, Clearing Price, box.....17c

1/2-lb. Box Paper and Envelopes, worth 30c, Clearing Price, box.....11c

1,000 Pencil Tablets, each.....1c

1,000 Ink Tablets, each.....3c

Cedar Leaf Pencils, dozen.....2c

Pen Holders, each.....1c



Shirt Waists. Prices slashed to atoms. Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth 65c, Clearing Price, each.....43c

Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth 75c, Clearing Price, each.....62c

Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth \$1.00, Clearing Price, each.....78c

Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth \$1.25, Clearing Price, each.....93c

Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth \$1.50, Clearing Price, each.....1.12

Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth \$1.75, Clearing Price, each.....1.22

Hosiery.

Entire stock included in this sale. Ladies' Fast Black Fine Quality Cotton Hose, worth 20c, Sale Price, pair.....11c

Ladies' Fine Quality Black Cotton Hose, worth 25c, Sale Price, pair.....19c

Ladies' Fine Quality Fancy Cotton Hose, worth 35c and 75c, Sale Price, pair.....44c

Boys' Extra Heavy Black Ribbed Bicycle Hose, worth 25c, Sale Price, pair.....17c

Notions and Small Wares.

Household Carpet Tacks, Clearing Price, box.....1c

Mucilage, Clearing Price, bottle.....2c

Black Rubber Dressing Combs, each.....8c

Russet Shoe Polish, each.....7c

Curling Irons, best grade, each.....3c

Black and white Hooks and Eyes, each.....1c

Cube of Black Pins, each.....3c

Aluminum Thimbles, each.....1c

Nickel Plated Safety Pins, each.....1c

Wire Hair Brushes, each.....2c

Wood Back Nail Brushes, each.....4c

Sewing Silk, 100-yard spools, in black only, spool.....2c

A good Hair Brush, each.....8c

Gents' Pocket Combs, each.....1c

Black Rubber Dressing Combs, worth 25c, Clearing Price, each.....13c

Japanese Darning Eggs, each.....3c

50% OFF

CONTINUATION SALE

JUST HALF PRICE ON Children's Cloth Dresses, Children's Hats, Children's Bonnets, Boys' Caps, Children's Wash Dresses.

No Mail Orders Filled From This Advertisement.

Handkerchief Department.

Entire stock included in this sale. Children's Colored Border School Handkerchiefs, Clearing Price, each.....1c

Ladies' White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Clearing Price, each.....4c

Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 20c, Clearing Price, each.....12c

Ladies' Fine Quality Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 35c, Sale Price, each.....18c

Ladies' Linen Cambric White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 15c, Clearing Price, each.....6c

Art Department.

Entire stock included in this sale. Embroidery Silks, all kinds, dozen.....37c

Crochet Cotton, spool.....2c

Stamped and Unstamped Doilies, Lunch Cloths and Centerpieces at a terrific slaughter.

1,000 yards Silkoline, Clearing Price, yard.....9c

Marshall's Linen Thread, Clearing Price, spool.....7c

Linen Department.

ENTIRE STOCK INCLUDED IN THIS SALE.

1,000 yards Check Glass Toweling, worth 12c, Clearing Price, yard 6c

1/2 size Bleached Dinner Napkins, worth \$1.75, Clearing Price, each.....\$1.18

100 dozen Bleached Turkish Bath Towels, would be a bargain at 25c, Clearing Price, each.....17c

81x90 Best Quality Muslin Bed Sheets, worth 75c, Clearing Price, each.....57c

50 dozen Colored, Extra Heavy Turkish Bath Towels, worth 40c, Clearing Price, each.....24c

100 dozen Pure Linen Fringed and Hemmed Edge Towels, worth 20c, Clearing Price, each.....13c

100 dozen White Honeycombed Cotton Towels, worth 10c, Clearing Price, each.....4c

45x36 Fruit of the Loom Muslin Pillow Cases, worth 20c, Clearing Price, each.....14c

8-4 Oil Botted Turkey Red Table Covers, worth \$1.25, Clearing Price, each.....77c

100 Full Size Bed Spreads, new Marseilles patterns and worth \$1.00, Clearing Price, each.....66c

1,000 yards Unbleached Pure Linen Roller Toweling, worth 12c, Clearing Price, yard.....7c

500 yards Turkey Red Table Damask, worth 25c, Clearing Price, yard.....13c

500 yards Unbleached German Linen Table Damask, worth 40c, Clearing Price, yard.....27c

Embroideries.

Entire stock of Laces and Embroideries included in this sale. 1,000 yards Embroidery, worth from 10c to 12c, Clearing Price, yard.....6c

1,000 yards Embroidery, worth 15c, Clearing Price, yard.....8c

1,000 yards Embroidery, worth 20c, Clearing Price, yard.....10c

1,000 yards Embroidery, worth 25c, Clearing Price, yard.....12c

1,000 yards Embroidery, worth 25c, Clearing Price, yard.....14c

We Close Every Evening at 6 O'clock, Except Saturdays.

THE LACE HOUSE

Fastest Growing and Most Up-to-date Store in the West, 228-230 South Main Street. We have no reserves. Profit Cost or Value not considered. Every article in our store must go.